

THE Commonweal

Marching for Justice

FRANCIS E. KEARNS

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PAUL RAMSEY

Odets: the Price of Success

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THE COMMONWEAL

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DANIEL CALLAHAN, *Associate Editor*
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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Rejecting Respectability

WHILE IT is still too early to judge what impact the August 28th March for Jobs and Freedom will have on Congress, there seems good reason to believe that it had an important effect on the churches in America. As Francis E. Kearns writes in the lead article this week, "More than any previous incident or demonstration in the field of racial justice, it led great numbers of religious institutions and church members to make an act of commitment."

To be sure, almost all of the major church bodies have for some years now been issuing statements calling for racial justice. No doubt these statements were of some value. Yet if one candidly asks exactly what good these statements did, it might not be easy to give an answer. Compared with the progress forced by court action or with that gained by the Freedom Riders, the sit-ins, the picket lines and the peaceful demonstrations, the formal religious statements seem almost inconsequential. It is actions, not words, which have counted. And it was the presence of high church leaders, including Archbishop O'Boyle of Washington, at the August 28th march which counted for more than what they said.

There is a more subtle moral here than may meet the eye. For some years now, sociologists of American religion have been pointing out that one of the main functions of the churches in our society has been to preserve the *status quo*. No one, of course, has paid much attention to them. In theory, the role of the churches is that of calling men and institutions to transcend the manners and mores of the marketplace. In practice, however, the churches have been part and parcel of that marketplace. Indeed, a cynic might say that the reason for the relatively sudden interest of the churches in the race issue is that it is now an acceptable, even socially laudable, movement. Naturally this charge would be rejected; one could even find some evidence to support this rejection.

At the same time, it must be said that, until the last few months, the churches protested segregation and discrimination in the safest way possible: mainly from the pulpit, in general terms, in the rhetoric of well-modulated calls for social peace and good old American fair play. Even when a sharper appeal was made to the equality of the Negro in the eyes of God, the sinfulness of segregation, the effect was almost the same—in neither case did anything spectacular happen. Though there were many notable exceptions, the churches did not provide significant moral leadership—like almost every other institution, the churches followed the Supreme Court.

APART FROM the Courts and the Department of Justice, the only effective moral leadership came from the demonstrators. Unlike the churches and the general public, they were not content with that patient gradualism so dear to the hearts of right-thinking, moderate men of good will. They were not content to wait for that unknown day in the future when the warm winds of justice would melt the icy hearts of segregationists. Naturally, these demonstrators came from the fringe elements in our society: Negro leaders, Negro students, white professors and liberal ministers, civil rights fanatics and impatient white students—in short, from those known to be perennial troublemakers. Needless to say, one rarely found priests or nuns in with such a crowd—those so inclined were quietly kept to the straight, narrow and respectable by their bishop.

With all these things in mind, it is not too rash to suggest that the imposing sight of the two-hundred thousand demonstrators was matched by the spectacle of a Catholic archbishop, an Episcopalian bishop and a high Jewish leader arm-in-arm (figuratively) with Bayard Rustin, Martin Luther King, Joan Baez, James Baldwin and the leaders of CORE. One could hardly imagine a more unlikely assembly.

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But what this latter group had taught the former was that the real passion for justice and the courage of effective action was coming from those outside the normal channels of America's moral consciousness. Though they might object to some of the demonstrators, some of the methods of peaceful protest, some of the language of the protesters, the presence of high churchmen was a tacit admission that not they, but those to whom they spoke, were the actual moral leaders. It was that rarest of rarities: the priest blessing the prophets.

But how often and with how much enthusiasm will that blessing be given in the future? Was the Washington demonstration, with its juxtaposition of the radical and the respectable, just a random gesture? There can be no immediate answer to this question. Whether they realize it or not, the churches have reached a critical point in the racial struggle. They ought by now to have learned that pulpit oratory and ringing declarations do not, in themselves, bring about racial justice. They ought to have learned that the Negro is rightfully impatient, that he is not going to stand by for years waiting for white ministers and priests to educate the moral conscience of their people. They ought to know that, if they do not keep pace with the zeal and energy and sense of indignation felt by the militant Negro, they run the risk of being counted among the enemies of the Negro.

Pakistan and India

IT WILL come as a surprise to no one to be told that the recipients of American foreign aid are sometimes mercurial in their attitudes toward the United States. For some years now India has been the classic example of this, though the Chinese attack last Fall brought a certain stability to Indian-American relations. But who would have expected that Pakistan, hitherto a model of the staunch ally, would so suddenly change its course? The reason for this change is, however, not altogether surprising. Ever since the partition of India and Pakistan, the relations between those two countries have been poor. The perennial dispute over Kashmir has served to infect an already open wound. Thus it is that both nations have been as worried about each other as they have about their giant neighbor to the North.

Since the primary interest of the United States has been to preserve the sovereignty and security of both nations, it was only natural that aid should be given to India to meet the Chinese threat. The most charitable thing that can be said about the Pakistan reaction is that it has been irrational and petulant.

At the same time, India has done very little to help matters. It will take diplomatic brilliance to ease the situation.

Progress through Revolution

IN THE COLD-WAR contest involving the peoples of Latin America, Communism and capitalism often seem to be the sole alternatives. Puerto Rico with its successful Operation Bootstrap is brought forward as one convincing answer to Castro and the Soviets. This ideological confrontation appears to be particularly persuasive to members of Congress who think of foreign development aid in terms of free enterprise. But more and more American observers believe that major development will not take place south of the border unless it is largely under state auspices. In view of government inefficiency and corruption in many Latin American lands—and the disadvantages of further concentration of power and wealth there—this is hardly a wholly happy prospect. But in any case, if leading objectives of the Alliance for Progress are to be attained, it is likely to be more on the Mexican than the rather special Puerto Rican pattern.

A social revolution of sorts has already been achieved in Mexico. Over a billion acres of land have been distributed. That nation has been experiencing steady economic growth for the better part of a decade. Its gold reserves and international exchange credits are growing. After a quarter century its nationalized oil industry is a success. Mexican factories now produce many of the consumers' goods that once had to be imported. Wages and living

Next Week

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM writes about the political prospect in 1964:

"It is an appalling commentary on the dangerous immaturity of our political culture that the extreme right has won such a substantial mass base and such lavish financial support with so little to offer. Those who are promoting Senator Goldwater so assiduously are as morally and intellectually bankrupt as Governor Rockefeller accuses them of being. Their program, if such it can be called, is a study in negativism: repeal the income tax or at least make it non-progressive; crack down on 'welfare chiselers'; more state's rights; billions upon billions for defense, but not one cent for welfare; total victory over Communism, thought of in wholly military terms; laissez-faire forever."

standards are rising in urban areas. (At the same time, as President Mateos recently pointed out in his annual message, Mexico pursues a truly independent foreign policy, as manifest in its relations with Castro, its solidarity with Nehru against the Chinese and its strong protest over Soviet missiles in our hemisphere.)

Living conditions in Mexico's rural areas provide a tragic contrast that drags down the national index for such factors as income, sanitation, illiteracy, decent housing and the like. Belated efforts by government and private agencies, the Alliance and others are in the process of enabling some of these desperately impoverished families to share in the general economic growth. The distance to go is indicated by these typical facts: more than two-thirds of the Mexican people still do not have electricity and two-fifths of them are still illiterate.

A WORLD CITIZEN

There are other discouraging aspects of the Mexican Revolution, which can partly be ascribed to the opposition of powerful economic interests from the United States. At various stages it involved much violence and bloodshed. It was for years markedly anti-religious. For thirty years it meant rule by a military regime. And the fact that, with all the stimulus provided by tourism and other advantages derived from bordering on this wealthy country, Mexico has not advanced farther is an ominous portent for other underdeveloped countries. Social revolution is inevitable in Latin America, where the small wealthy and governing classes, who refuse to relinquish their privileges, are living on borrowed time. Our guilt in the United States is that three decades of the supposed Good Neighbor policy has actually benefited the destitute, restive peoples of our hemisphere so little.

Little Man, Big Idea

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO, exactly at the start of the new half-century, I stood in freezing weather on a mythical line between France and Germany talking with World Citizen Garry Davis, who was then making headlines all over Europe. Ten years later his own account of his adventures, *The World is My Country*, was published and received only sparse and scattered comment. What happened in that decade to cause such a meteoric career to fizzle—and were, in fact, both his success and his failure exaggerated? I have the strong feeling that the real significance of this little man has not yet been properly evaluated or appreciated, and I hope it will be one of these days, even if it takes Peter Sellers to do it—which, it is reported, has actually been under consideration.

Having nothing better to do in Paris that New Year's Eve of 1950, an Australian writer and I had decided to go to Strasbourg to see what new antics the Number One World Citizen was up to.

I had missed the Vel d'Hiv meeting in Paris at which nearly 20,000 turned up to cheer Garry; but I had attended a court session at which Camus had testified for him, and I had some notion that what was happening was more important than just this redheaded kid in the airforce jacket. The names of his committee of counsel—Claude Bourdet, André Breton, Albert Camus, Abbé Pierre, Jean Helion, Henri Roser, Robert Sarrazac, *et al.*—were just beginning to have any meaning for me, and the import of what Garry had done, in giving up his U. S. citizenship to proclaim himself a World Citizen, was not yet fully clear to me. But it seemed an obviously worthy thing to do, and I think it was only my

youthful cynicism and distaste for trouble that prevented me from doing the same.

So there we were, December 31, 1949, standing on the International Line near the Pont Kehl where Garry had pitched his tent. Legally he could not go back into France, and he could not enter Germany. My Australian friend was miserable, frozen and in desperate need of basic facilities of which we saw no trace. (We learned later that Garry used a nearby restaurant—not, strictly speaking, on the International Line.) All our noses were red and running. Our hands and feet were nearly frostbitten. Garry's Strasbourg following had helped him build a little cabin, but we stood outside or sat on makeshift seats by a blazing bonfire trying to keep warm. A little old lady came up timidly to "M'sieu Davees" to give him a cake she had baked.

Garry waxed eloquent on principles and plans, and as I recall I argued hotly with him, though I don't remember just why. My pose with Garry, like so many of us guilty smart-alecks, was that of critical supporter and practical skeptic. Later, when my Australian friend admitted defeat and returned to our hotel, Garry and I sat by the fire talking of love. Garry was in love with a girl he had never seen but who wrote him sensitive soul-mate letters from California. Again, I was skeptical; I argued; I was even a little jealous of such pure and unreal love; but I wished him well and finally left. A week or so later, Garry's cabin burned down. It was then that Garry decided to return as a "resident alien" to the U. S., after nearly two years' carrying on in Europe, to seek personal peace and contemplate his future.

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About five years later I ran into Garry again in New York and caught up on some of his subsequent adventures. He had married the girl, had a child, divorced, played in "Stalag 17," taken up tool-making, tried to go to India, and got waylaid in England instead, playing again in "Stalag 17." (Garry had once been understudy to Danny Kaye, and always felt himself a part of theater—whether the world's or Broadway's.) He had also spent a while in a London jail, having tried to appeal to the Queen for an extension of his visa by camping in front of Buckingham Palace.

Not long after, Garry made it to India, despite a squabble over an Indian visa he said had been withheld. The next time I ran into him was in 1958 when he had returned. In fact I ran into him three times in the same day in midtown Manhattan, which Garry took to be some kind of omen. He came to my apartment and regaled me with stories of his penniless voyage from India back to New York via a number of planes and jails. He also explained a little item I'd seen in the papers about his stealing lingerie in a Paris department store, when I had been convinced he'd gone off his rocker. (He had only been trying to establish his legal status with the French government, he said.)

By 1960 he had settled into a travel agency job. I left for Europe again that year on my own more timorous adventures (via Garry's travel service, but not on one of the "World Passports" which he had then begun to issue). The following summer I was passing through Paris and ran into Garry on the Quai Voltaire. "What are you doing here?" I said. "Sh, I'm illegal," he replied. He had also just been illegally in England, he informed me, where he'd been trying to get legally reinstated. He was going to rejoin and marry Esther Peter there, a girl he had met in Strasbourg in those earlier eventful years (she had subsequently been *France Observateur* editor Claude Bourdet's secretary in Paris, then gone as the only woman on the bomb-protest march into the Sahara desert with Rev. Michael Scott, and A. J. Muste). Garry's final piece of news was that his book had been published. He showed me the mixed reviews, generally friendly but with little understanding, I felt, of what Garry was really all about. One reviewer's phrase stuck in my mind: "... an inadvertently funny book."

"Inadvertently"? Not quite. Garry's whole gimmick, missed by many and sometimes by Garry himself, has always been the beautifully Chaplinesque quality of his entanglements with international red tape. I know that it had annoyed him sometimes that people laughed, as I often had. He was afraid they would laugh away his ideas, and this was in fact what the hostile laughter wanted to do. But there was another kind of laughter, too—the "Second City"—"Beyond the Fringe" kind that wasn't being heard much in those days. I told Garry

that on the contrary, maybe those of us laughing with him might also eventually laugh away the ridiculous red tape that had ensnared his every move since his first simple quixotic gesture in 1948 and that ensnares us all in one way or another—if only psychologically by its very existence.

A few months ago, settling back into New York, I picked up Garry's book *The World is My Country* on the desk of a reviewer I know. It was gathering dust there and had never been reviewed, though Garry had sent it to him over a year ago with his little travel-agency calling-card tucked into it. I took it home and read it—and, almost as if Garry were again here telling me how it all happened, I nearly rolled on the floor in laughter. Maybe it's just the memory of Garry's rabbit-pink nose and eyes, his blinking innocence, and his histrionic sense of history that make some of the anecdotes like this one so funny and nostalgic.

"I took the World Passport from my briefcase. My heart pounding, I said 'Do you know, Mr. Nehru, that I traveled to India on a World Passport?'"

"'A World Passport? Really?'"

"'Yes.' I handed it across the desk. He took it curiously and studied the cover.

"'I see you have Hindi here.' He opened the booklet, read the notice 'Important' on page one, turned to page two where Guru Natarajan had signed 'In the Name of the Absolute' with his signature in place of Dag Hammarskjöld's.

"'Very interesting,' the Prime Minister said.

"'This passport identifies the bearer as a world citizen,' I offered hesitantly.

"'Uh, yes, I noticed that,' he replied. Suddenly he laughed. 'Well, well, well, what have we here? . . .

"I smiled weakly. It was the photostated Indian visa. 'Yes, well you see, Mr. Nehru, I waited some time for authorization from here to have your N. Y. consul put the visa on properly, but . . . well, it never came.'

"'And so you pasted it on yourself?'"

"'Yes sir.'

"'I see. Very ingenious.'"

Maybe it's just the personal memory of those exciting first months in Paris, when a little man could camp on the UN steps or on imaginary international lines and cause such commotion, when whole villages were declaring themselves *Citoyens du Monde*, when thousands cheered and Camus testified and little old ladies baked cakes. But I have the feeling that anybody who takes the crazy notion of world citizenship seriously and finds the eminently serious notions of nuclear warfare quite insane, as I do, would find this funny book an important serious comment on the greatest anachronism of modern times—the gun-supported paper walls of Nationalism.

ANN MORRISSETT

(Ann Morrissett is a free-lance writer who has contributed frequently to these pages.)

Marching for Justice

FRANCIS E. KEARNS

THE AUGUST 28th March on Washington for jobs and freedom was an extraordinary success—the weather was sunny and pleasant, the crowd twice the size march organizers had hoped for, and the marchers' exemplary deportment praised in newspapers throughout the world. But just what effect the march will have on the whole cause of racial justice remains uncertain.

Many friends of the civil rights movement had grave misgivings about the march as a tool in achieving equality. At a club luncheon three weeks before the march, an assistant cabinet secretary, publicly an enthusiastic supporter of the march, expressed a private view that the march was a mistake. He felt that Birmingham had provided the Administration with sufficient leverage to achieve passage of a strong civil rights bill and that a further demonstration would not only be anticlimactic but would run the risk, should violence break out, of destroying the bill's chances in Congress. He feared that, even with a peaceful march, those Congressmen looking for a way to back out of support for the bill could claim as their excuse a refusal to bend to mob pressure.

Moreover, many white residents of the Washington area looked forward with dread to August 28th. In the back of many minds was a remembrance of the bloody riot at D. C. Stadium last Thanksgiving Day. At the end of a high school football championship game a Negro mob had surged out of the stands and pummeled white spectators. Other Washingtonians detected a growing mood of extremism in local CORE leaders. In late July a *Washington Post* editorial accused the District CORE branch of a policy of "picket now, parley later," claiming that the organization had opened a series of demonstrations at the showroom of Royal Motors, Inc., to induce the firm to end job discrimination against Negroes without first taking the trouble to find out that the company already employed a large number of colored workers.

The cause of civil rights won few friends when Julius Hobson, President of the local CORE chapter and an important organizer of the August 28th march,

replied that "My experience leads me to the conclusion that discussion is not as effective as direct action." Nor were many people reassured when another CORE official warned the *Post* to remember what had happened to James Meredith in Chicago and claimed that any advice offered outside of CORE meetings was "extraneous, superfluous, and suspected." Still another source of apprehension was the brutal slaying and robbery of a Yale graduate student as he walked near his home in the fashionable Kalorama section. Occurring just two days before the march, the murder immediately reawakened thoughts of the "Washington, Cesspool of Crime and Violence" articles carried by several leading newspapers and magazines during the past few months.

IT WAS clear that officials of the six civil rights groups constituting the District Coordinating Committee for the march were taking great pains to mitigate the possibility of violence—CORE marshals were drilled in taking abuse in order that they might surround possible hecklers and bear the brunt of their invective until police could arrive. But one could hardly leave the progress-report meeting held by march leaders at the Shiloh Baptist Church August 6th without having detected an air of uncertain improvisation. After all, who could know what unforeseen logistics problems might arise or what enemies of civil rights might try to wreck the demonstration?

Fairly early during the planning stage of the march it became evident that two opponents, the American Nazi Party and the Black Muslims, would not be capable of making much trouble. The District Commissioners refused to permit George Lincoln Rockwell's teen-age storm troopers to wear uniforms or make speeches, and the Muslims seemed to realize that any outbreak they might cause at the demonstration would turn the Negro community against them. The Muslim members with whom I discussed the march—all of them surprisingly cooperative in talking with a white man—seemed to display an attitude of envious chagrin, unable either to offer strong opposition to the rally or to use it for their own advantage. But, though plans could be made to control known troublemakers, what

FRANCIS E. KEARNS, an Assistant Professor at Georgetown University, is a former editor of *The Chicago Review* and has published articles in *America* and *Carolina Quarterly*.

could not be controlled was the mood and conduct of the rank and file marchers.

Clearly the great success of the rally was the result of the dignity and determined good will displayed by each individual marcher, and Ralph Bunche accurately summarized the day's activities when he told the crowd gathered before the Lincoln Monument, "The hero is you." That this was the people's march was symbolized when the crowd upset the scheduled program by moving out prematurely down Constitution Avenue. Once more there was the spectacle of civil rights leaders hurrying to keep pace with their supporters.

The mood of the marchers was something more than restraint, however. Despite a certain air of festivity there was a deep undercurrent of emotion; combined with the marchers' geniality there was the urgent seriousness of the signboard messages they carried. Perhaps the most characteristic quality of the crowd, though, was its pervading courtesy—a politeness reminiscent of the touching gentleness John Howard Griffin had found among Negroes he described in *Black Like Me*. This same air of good will was characteristic of white participants too. The contingent of Georgetown students with whom I marched displayed an enthusiastic sense of involvement which might have lost them considerable social standing back on their campus where the current mode of foppishness calls for blue blazer and ascot, a Cary Grantish manner, and a stance borrowed from the Hathaway or Grant shirt ads.

Marchers had been warned that pickpockets might be active at the Memorial grounds, but I remember one participant moving through the crowd looking for someone who had lost pocket money and finding no takers for the bills she held in her hand. Returning from the rally, I saw an expensive transistor radio dangling from a tree limb, apparently placed there by some finder to await the return of its owner. Altogether, only four people were arrested in connection with the rally and none of them were marchers. Indeed, Washington police officials reported that the District's crime rate dropped significantly during the twenty-four hour period that marchers were present in the city.

Yet the day was not without its ironies. There was the scene on the Georgetown campus of low-paid Negro menials from the university housekeeping staff distributing lunches to wealthy white students who would soon don their "jobs and freedom" buttons and take part in the march. There was the students' line of march through the posh Georgetown neighborhood, one of the city's most segregated sections—not on the basis of race but of income. There was my own position, driving in to the rally with several colleagues from housing facilities in Virginia that are cheap enough to be afforded on professorial salaries but nonetheless still segregated.

But what has the march really achieved in the civil rights field? One significant development is the fact that the overwhelming logistics problem represented by the rally forced the six leading civil rights groups—NAACP, CORE, the Urban League, the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, the Southern Leadership Conference, and the Negro American Labor Council—to close ranks and work together despite their past history of intra-movement bickering. Another important achievement is that the peaceful conduct of the marchers has helped to dispel the association of violence with civil rights activities resulting from Birmingham and Jackson. This is no mean achievement when one considers that national polls taken before the march revealed a growing fear, even among whites outside the South, that the civil rights movement was proceeding too rapidly and too violently. Still another positive result is that the march has dealt another shattering blow at the myth of Negro intellectual inferiority and offered further proof, if any were still needed at this late date, of his managerial capacities.

PERHAPS THE most significant gain scored by the march, however, is that, more than any previous incident or demonstration in the field of racial justice, it led great numbers of religious institutions and church members to make an act of commitment. In the past few years it has been the church authorities who have made the proclamations and joined in the rallies, but on August 28th one could see large groups of marchers carrying the banners of Bronx Hebrew congregations or Washington churches. On the speakers platform one could see the familiar bishops, but what was new was the presence in the audience of Washington parish priests, Woodstock seminarians, and suburban Maryland parishioners.

What was significant too was the tone adopted in the speeches by religious spokesmen such as Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, of the Commission on Religion and Race of the National Council of Churches, Mathew Ahmann, of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice, and Rabbi Joachim Prinz, of the American Jewish Congress. Here was not the grandiloquent self-congratulation often reserved for those occasions when the Church condescends to become involved in community affairs, but rather a frank admission of culpable indifference in the past and a promise of greater effort in the future.

The mood of these speakers accurately reflected that of the university group I marched with. Located in a city with a colored population of almost sixty percent, Georgetown employs a predominantly Negro staff of maids, janitors, and handy men, but only a handful of Negro clerical workers; last spring a committee of lay professors voted to hold the annual faculty

picnic at a segregated Maryland beach, despite the fact that the university employs at least one Negro teacher; and when a group of Georgetown students were arrested a few months ago for holding a sit-in demonstration at a nearby segregated restaurant, their classmates reacted with indifference. Yet when called upon to support the march, the university community responded generously. The administration endorsed the participation of a Georgetown group and offered dormitory space and meals to out-of-town marchers. Moreover, though only thirty to forty marchers were expected from the campus, over 250 students, priests, and lay professors participated. One could sense that many other Catholics at the Lincoln Memorial were taking the first difficult steps toward a Christian stand on the race problem.

THE LARGE scale participation of local Catholic groups in the march could be attributed largely to the influence of Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle of Washington, who pronounced the rally's invocation. As Chairman of the Washington Interreligious Committee on Race Relations, he had earlier appeared before a District Commissioners' hearing to call for strong regulations to end discrimination in housing; had called upon local churches to consider anti-discrimination clauses in church-related building contracts; had helped establish an apprentice training program for Negroes in the construction trades; and had encouraged a program of exchange visits between Negro and white families.

Moreover, through pastoral letters, through instituting recitation of a special prayer for racial justice at all Sunday Masses, and through a variety of other methods, he had brought home to Washington Catholics their responsibilities in the civil rights movement. At the parish church I attend—where sermons had in the past been concerned largely with the importance of the second collection, the dangers of Communism, or the deficiencies of Protestant theology, where the chief evidence of social interest had been a showing of the



movie "Operation Abolition"—the shock of relevance was overwhelming.

The religious significance of the rally was emphasized by A. Philip Randolph, under whose inspiration plans for the march were originally initiated, when he claimed, "We are the advance guard of a massive moral revolution." Time and again I was reminded of *Pacem in Terris*, the last encyclical of Pope John, the former peasant, as Mr. Randolph, the former sleeping-car porter, said: "We want all public accommodations open to all citizens, but those accommodations will mean little to those who cannot afford to use them . . . the sanctity of private property takes second place to the sanctity of the human personality. . . . Look for the enemies of Medicare, of higher minimum wages, of social security, of Federal aid to education—and there you will find the enemy of the Negro. . . ."

The stress he laid on the importance of freedom in the fulfillment of man's moral destiny—"Our white allies know they cannot be free while we are not"—reminded one of Hans Küng's *The Church and Freedom* and seemed to have special relevance for our Georgetown group. Included in our contingent were two Jesuits who had led checkered careers in the Society, who had been transferred out of one university or parish church after another for expounding a Christian view of the race problem at a time when such a view was considered dangerously provocative. With them was a younger priest, a well-known writer, whose latest book had not gotten past the Society's censors.

NOW THE march has already passed out of the headlines and one of the most important questions concerning its influence remains unanswered—what effect will it have on the mass of voters in bringing about support in Congress for a strong civil rights bill? Despite the great dignity of the march, despite its reaffirmation of the American tradition of peaceful assembly and petition, despite its re-emphasis of the moral ideas informing the civil rights movement, the march may have had very little effect on the nation's thinking. There is considerable evidence that the position of those unwilling to see the passage of civil rights legislation has so hardened that no peaceful demonstration would have moved them. Thus Southern Democrat Strom Thurmond and Republican Representative Joel Broyhill contented themselves on the evening after the march by pointing out the loss of business revenue to downtown Washington. Similarly, David Lawrence's syndicated column termed the march "a day of public disgrace—a step backward in the evolution of the American system of government." Moreover, a new rumor, which even made some of the local radio news broadcasts, has it that all of the New York costume shops were out of rented clerical garb on the day of the march and many of those dressed as priests or ministers were Communist conspirators.

That the racial equality revolution is still primarily a religious revolution was manifested when Archbishop O'Boyle was backed by other civil rights leaders in his insistence that certain inflammatory remarks be removed from the prepared text of a speech by John Lewis, Chairman of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee. Nevertheless, one wonders how long the religious ideals of the movement would be able to restrain violence should the nation fail to support effective

civil rights legislation. During the past few months we have heard many cries of outrage, in the halls of Congress, in letters to the editor, in newspaper editorials, against what is termed the Supreme Court's weakening of "our religious heritage" through its school prayer decisions. It would indeed be more than ironic if the nation now failed to respond to the civil rights movement, the greatest religious crusade of the twentieth century.

Is the Nation-State Outmoded?

Morgenthau on Nuclear War

PAUL RAMSEY

PROFESSOR Hans Morgenthau has remarked that he was first called a "cynic" for his attitude toward the Kellogg-Briand Pact in 1928. Ten years later he was called a "realist" for doubting that "neutrality" would prevent involvement in World War II. Since 1945 he has been called a "perfectionist." What has transformed the cynic of 1928 into the realist of 1938 and then into the "perfectionist" of today? A significant collection of his writings, *Politics in the Twentieth Century* (3 vols. University of Chicago. \$25.), helps to provide an answer. It is nothing else than the radical historical developments that have taken place; and during these developments Morgenthau remained a man resolved in all things to think *politically*.

The utopians of yesterday are now realists who place their hope in a sluggish national policy combined with the new U.N. diplomacy. They "now consider it perfectionism to point out that present international organization cannot succeed," based as it is upon carefully protected national sovereignty and not upon collective power. Morgenthau denies this. In his view, people who say that the U.N. is mankind's last single hope are saying that, alas, there is no hope. They avoid facing the extreme demands which nuclear war places upon statesmanship. They avoid thinking about the political settlements and the reconstruction of the international order that today have become an ineluctable requirement of the objective nature of politics in a nuclear age.

Morgenthau's analysis of politics in the nuclear age has not been paid sufficient attention. We need to ask: has he not grasped, precisely because he is so resolute a

political thinker, the laws inherent in war as an instrument of policy? Has he not *therefore* seen, better than many others, that, if war has technologically slipped from the limits of political purposiveness and cannot remain an instrument of national policy, this fact does not so much call into question war as a policy as it calls radically into question the continued existence of the nation-state itself?

In *Pacem in Terris*, Pope John XXIII analyzed the "structural defect" frustrating statesmanship from achieving the "universal common good." Morgenthau, the "dean of American political realists," analyzes the "structural defect" that will prevent statesmen from avoiding "universal common disaster." Both conclude that, in the words of the encyclical, "it is hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era, war could be used as an instrument of justice." But John XXIII concentrated on the *ends* of political action: justice and the common good; while Morgenthau concentrates on political *means*. What he says on this subject makes contact with traditional teachings about the justice of warfare, and particularly the conduct of war, which the Pontiff seemed too readily to transcend in his natural law optimism about negotiation. Morgenthau's resolute analysis of the problem of power, and of politics as primarily the use of power, provides another and a vitally important understanding of the "structural defect" afflicting politics in a nuclear age. It supplements that of the encyclical.

AS LATE AS 1950 Morgenthau was still writing that "the question of the moral justification [of the H-bomb] cannot fail to be answered in the affirmative." The H-Bomb seemed to him just another weapon "different

PAUL RAMSEY is Harrington Spear Paine Professor of Christian Ethics in the Religion Department of Princeton University and the author of *War and the Christian Conscience*.

only in magnitude, but not in kind, from the dilemma with which all modern instruments of mass destruction, from the machine gun onward, have confronted the conscience of the Western world." He spoke of "the ineluctable ascendancy of technology over morality in times of war." He scorned attempts "to devise a mechanism which will restrain us, who are unable to restrain ourselves." These statements he might not altogether disavow even now. Nevertheless, determined to conform his mind always to the anatomy of politics, he has since sent down his drill into deeper rock. He could never allow the ascendancy of technology over politics; and the justice and limits of war as a human enterprise rests upon the morality proper to politics, and inherent in it. The laws of war are revealed most clearly in the laws of politics in a nuclear age. These must be followed to their necessary conclusion.

The capacity for universal destruction that man has obtained from nuclear power has made, qualitatively speaking, "the only structural change that has occurred in international relations since the beginning of history." Before now there was a rational relation between the means and the ends of politics. The risks run in resorting to the use of force were generally not out of proportion to the ends sought. Even when statesmen gambled, they were "rational gamblers." They would "commit a tolerable fraction of their fortune to the game. If they won, then the risks taken were justified by winning the game. If they lost, the losses generally were not of a fatal nature." That was in the pre-atomic age, when under normal conditions "no nation-state was able to make more than marginal inroads upon the life and civilization of its neighbors"—when, for one thing, it simply required too much muscle and too many men to fight a war indiscriminately, in insubordination to political purposes, in complete violation of the rudimentary distinction between a whole society and its fighters, or in violation of this distinction in planning the defense of one's own country.

HITHERTO, nations might "miscalculate and suffer unexpected losses, but it was never rationally foreordained that they could not win." That day is gone forever. This simply means that the laws of war, which are only the laws of the purposive use of force, have been made sun-clear by the nuclear revolution of politics in the very moment of their apparent abrogation. The "rational relation between the means of violence and the ends of foreign policy has been destroyed by the availability of nuclear power as a means to these ends." Technology put a stop to that.

What does this mean, if not that the political requirement of some rational relation between means and ends remains still in force; that the violence should never be used in the way intended; and that some other political solution should be sought, however radical it is

as a departure? When Morgenthau writes that "the possibility of universal destruction obliterates the means-ends relationship itself," he can only mean that the nations can no longer attempt to justify themselves in making all the war they can. He can only mean that policy must give itself other, and legitimate, means still to its ends. Therefore he refuses to stray from the solid ground of an analysis of objective political requirements in this age into a subjective study of how best to become an "irrational gambler" by mastering the subjective art of basing military strategy on what are nowadays called "rationality of irrationality" policies. Instead, Morgenthau's thought is informed by the flesh and blood realities of pertinent political action. He asserts that "no such radical transformation of the structure of international relations has ever occurred in history" before the advent of the nuclear age. He concludes that "the radical nature of the transformation calls for correspondingly radical innovations in the sphere of policy."

The atom bomb is no respecter of persons, of civilization or of technological achievements; and "before it, all industrial plants are equal." Despite the fact that "the atomic revolution has made an end to the rational relationship between violence and foreign policy," and that "under the conditions of all-out atomic war the use of all-out violence is a contradiction in terms, making war a perfectly irrational, senseless, self-defeating and self-destructive enterprise," Morgenthau does not advise the nations to engage in international politics by searching for other means than the use or threat of force. No such exclusively non-violent means will ever be found. Instead, he does not hesitate to draw the conclusion that the nation-state has outlived its usefulness in the political life of mankind. The state can no longer defend the heartland of the nation, nor effect its policies by ultimate resort to the force in its arsenal. A realistic "theoretical analysis," Morgenthau believes, "can show that the principle of political organization which has dominated the world from the French Revolution of 1789 to this day is no longer valid." The sovereign nation-state has become obsolete without yet knowing it. This is Morgenthau's "perfectionism" as a political realist. There can be no hope in policies not based in one way or another on this premise.

There are several points of view which "create the illusion of the viability of the nation-state in the nuclear age." Of these, the chief are the illusion that it is possible to organize and spiritualize warfare into "deterrence" only, and the illusion that it may be possible to conduct foreign policy without force in exercise. No trust can be reposed in "the scientist theories of our day" which "pretend to be capable of manipulating with scientific precision a society of sovereign nations who use weapons of total destruction as instruments of their respective foreign policies." By means of this pretense the illusion is created that nation-states thus armed

"can continue the business of foreign policy and military strategy in the traditional manner. . . ."

Not only the view that foreign and military policy can be made a self-sufficient technical enterprise, but also the dream of a "moral" equivalent of war support the illusion that deterrence can save the nation-state. The fact that in the nuclear age we must rely upon our psychological ability to deter those who are physically able to destroy us does not mean that a more refined instrument of foreign policy has been placed in the hands of the nation-state. It means rather that the nation-state and all its policies have nothing on which to stand in the nuclear age. Instead, they are suspended in mid-air, and pendent upon contradictions. "Swords are to be beaten, it is true, into guided missiles rather than plowshares, yet the result still appears as the achievement of the biblical vision of eternal peace." This peace is sustained by mere announcement. Retaliation spoken removes the need for its implementation, or so it is hoped. "Traditional force" worked primarily by its physical application, and it acted secondarily on the mind of an enemy to deter him, but always through the intermediary of actual or choiceworthy physical employment. ". . . All-out atomic force has a psychological function pure and simple." It works only by making its physical application superfluous because unchoiceworthy.

THE TEST of actual performance—the arbitrament of arms—has been removed. The dilemma of foreign policy is, then, that no nation can afford to yield to a threat that is only bluff, nor can it afford to stand up to a threat that might turn out not to be bluff. And neither nation can determine "when the other side is bluffing without the test of actual performance—a test which it is the very purpose of mutual deterrence to avoid." So the nation-state stands with no means in its hands, and its foreign policies as naked as the day they were born. Instead of spiritualizing warfare, this has brutalized all other instruments of state. Diplomacy has turned into a way of conducting warfare, not of reaching settlements.

Morgenthau calls for a mixture of restraint and daring on the part of statesmen. Still, he is enough of a realist-perfectionist to repose no hope in this. For him, this period of twilight will be over when the "diffusion" of nuclear weapons makes it possible for an "*n*th country" to start a nuclear war. Then "nations will have lost even the preventive capacity for psychological deterrence, which they still possess today." Without the prospect of certain identification of the source of an attack, we will have lost the capacity to deter with certainty of retaliation. Then will the nation-state "connote not life and civilization but anarchy and universal destruction."

Morgenthau has probably exaggerated the problem of "catalytic" war. That would have to be a purely purposeless strike by an *n*th country—for there to be no means of identifying the source of the attack. And

doubtless the nations will take their precautions against even the vastly increased danger nuclear diffusion will bring. Moreover, he has certainly ignored the virtue and necessity there is in limiting the use of force until political settlements are reached and until the nation-state is banished from this planet. Many of the "realists" and weapons analysts Morgenthau now criticizes are only concerned to discover how policies can be enforced and politics be conducted in a multinational world during the twilight hours. Still, even if it is possible to plug the hole in the system on which Morgenthau concentrates his attention (the consequence of the diffusion of nuclear weapons), there are so many other holes in it that it is impossible to believe that the present political organization of mankind can long endure.

One regrets that Morgenthau does not make entirely plain the fact that it is the anatomy of purposive political action which governs his analysis, and not simply the external event of the nuclear destruction of one form this has taken in history. For a rational relation between the means of violence and the ends of policy governs the use of force domestically. This limited the just use of force internationally, in the period after the first industrial revolution. This directs and impels political analysis under the conditions of the second industrial revolution, and it can only be enacted in any future world political organization of mankind. The objective laws of politics, and the laws of war subordinate to political purpose summed up as the just and limited use of force, have to be acknowledged by anyone who does not simply avoid "the responsibilities and liabilities of an active foreign policy."

CONCERNING the way to transform our society toward any Ideal State, Archbishop William Temple once told the story of an Englishman travelling in Ireland who asked the way to Roscommon. "Is it Roscommon you want to go to?" said the Irishman. "Yes," said the Englishman, "that's why I asked the way." "Well," said the Irishman, "if I wanted to go to Roscommon, I wouldn't be starting from here." Similarly, one wouldn't be starting from the nation-state if one wanted to reorganize the world on a supranational political basis. Facing this problem, Morgenthau remains a realist in his analysis. "Power" and "interest" are the pillars of political policy. They differentiate political community from other forms of human community. Without power and interest there can be no political action or organization.



It is, therefore, too sweeping to say that the atomic age has rendered obsolete the idea of national *interest* and the conception of foreign policy based on it. What has become obsolete is the idea of *national interest*. These have been broken apart. "What has become obsolete is the historically conditioned connection between interest and a passing phenomenon, the nation state; what has, and could not have, become obsolete is the logically required connection between interest and foreign policy. . . ."

The crucial problem is how, through the instrumentality of a passing phenomenon, the nation state, a radically new connection can be organized between actual power and true interests in the nuclear age. One must start from here, and yet so direct national policy that the nation state will be transcended and supplanted. This requires an active foreign policy directed toward fundamental political settlements; directed also toward a radically new organization of collective power to take the place of the national power carefully protected by the U.N. Charter.

The first must precede the second, else we still are in a "state of war," with means in our hands that cannot be used for the ends of policy or to serve any interests. "If the political problems separating the Soviet Union from the United States," Morgenthau writes, "cannot be solved peacefully on their own terms, that is, by political means, world government would not save the world from the next war. The next war would, then, be a civil instead of a world war, and it would be only a matter of terminology whether Western civilization would perish in the course of the one instead of the other."

Morgenthau is not to be blamed for exhibiting in his thought the plight of mankind in having to start from here; or for continuing to analyze political options available in a multinational world. There is no use replacing the illusion of competitive armaments with the illusion of disarmament. Settlement must precede disarmament. To defend the interests of the United States or not to defend them are equally unbearable alternatives. U.N. diplomacy has not taken the place of traditional diplomacy, but builds on it. Yet unless we and the Russians can follow the test-ban treaty with other agreements for the control of nuclear arms, we are not apt to agree on anything at all. The only remaining question will be when and how we are to be doomed. The nation state will pass away in universal destruction. But pass it will.

In one remarkable essay, bearing the title "Death in a Nuclear Age," Morgenthau provides his reflection upon why we are content with sluggish foreign policy combined with diplomacy in the New United Nations mode, and why ours is so largely "the pastime of children at the rim of the abyss, a wasted effort on the eve of universal disaster." At the same time, this is an ex-
planation of his remark that "it reveals as much about nature of religious thought as about politics that

many of the most important modern insights about politics have come from the pens of theologians."

This is his explanation of why we are so numb, and can't bear to think through to the end the problem of nuclear war. It is because ours is a secular age which has replaced the idea of an immortal destiny for the individual with the idea of the "immortality" of the human race in temporal, historical sequence on this planet. A secular age cannot bear the thought that there may not always be others like us to follow us. "To die with honor is absurd if nobody is left to honor the dead. The very conceptions of honor and shame [and, we may add, of resolute and principled political action] require a society that knows what honor and shame mean." The ingression of the nuclear age upon a secular age blasts its mooring in the always-receding future, and "destroys the meaning of life by throwing life back upon itself." Therefore we cannot bear to think about nuclear war, and the real requirements of politics today.

AN AGE WHICH began by first becoming radically secularized then became "an age whose objective conditions of existence have been radically transformed by the possibility of nuclear death." Thus it must evade "the need for a radical transformation of its thought and action by thinking and acting as though nothing of radical import had happened." We pretend that the possibility of nuclear death portends only quantitative changes in politics, and "not a qualitative transformation of the meaning of our existence." The challenge of nuclear death to our secular values is for us graver and more difficult to face than the threat to political survival. The latter cannot be allowed to awaken us from our former slumbers.

No longer believing in the supernatural life, we are no longer convinced of principles, except as these derive their strength from those like us expected to follow us. No longer believing in the supernatural life, we cannot bring ourselves to think long and soberly about (leave aside the principles of political action) the *facts* of the situation we face. We cannot admit the nuclear revolution of politics, for that goes to where the meaning of our very existence came to rest. Sluggish foreign policies may be the result, by remote but definite connections, of a sluggish secularism at bay!

Thus Morgenthau is moved, if not as a political scientist, then as a contemporary philosopher, "by the concrete issue of nuclear war to reflect on the meaning of death in the atomic age, and that philosophic reflection, carried on for its own sake, can serve to illuminate the actor's mind and, through it, to fashion political action." Can it be that he believes that the revivification of religious conviction in the minds of men today, at the operational level, where they live, could have something to do with their capacity for "nobler and weightier acts of political performance"?

Odets: the Price of Success

CATHARINE HUGHES

"What did I want? To be a great man? Get my picture on a postage stamp?"

—Clifford Odets, *Paradise Lost*

WHEN CLIFFORD ODETS died on August 15, there were the usual paeans, the tributes in obituary and gossip columns, on stages and in drama sections. It was yet another testimony to the observation Albert Camus had recorded in his *Notebooks*: "a writer's death makes us exaggerate the importance of his work." Yet, running through all the lines of praise and retrospective evaluation, through all the reminiscences, there was an undercurrent, sometimes implicit, sometimes expressed. The obit writer for the *New York Times* took a stab at it when he noted Odets' "failure to outgrow the adjective 'promising' . . . the harsh criticism from many friends as a classic case of the artist who had 'sold out' to Hollywood."

Both of the observations in the *Times*' obituary happen to be true. Odets had become a symbol of literary prostitution long before the accusation—if accusation it be—was valid. He had also become something else, and it was much less noted.

When *Waiting for Lefty* opened as part of a New Theatre evening on January 5, 1935, and subsequently was reopened on Broadway by the Group Theatre, it was received with excitement by both audiences and the critics. Something new was going on in the theater, and the Depression theater badly needed it. Harold Clurman has termed it "the birth cry of the thirties," an indication that "our youth had found its voice."

It was not, of course, a very good play. A series of scenes, radiating from a meeting called to decide whether or not the taxi drivers' union is to go out on strike, with stereotyped characters: Harry Fatt, the union secretary; Miller, the lab assistant who stands on principle; Fayette, the industrialist; Benjamin, the idealistic Jewish physician: all were but briefly and perfunctorily sketched; all were there simply and solely to give voice to the author's thesis concerning the exploitation of the workingman and the revolutionary antidote.

CATHARINE HUGHES, a frequent contributor to these pages, is the author of "Madame Lafayette" which has been produced by Blackfriars' Theatre and is now at work on a novel.

Waiting for Lefty was a direct descendant—really, little more than a refinement—of the Communist and other left-wing agit-prop dramas of the thirties. Its importance lay not in any intrinsic merits, but in the fact that it was central to the appearance in the commercial theater of the socio-political drama. When the speaker turns to the audience with his exhortation, and all on stage shout "STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE!!!" at the curtain, he is only a step from the *Fifteen-Minute Red Revue*. *Lefty* was thus symptomatic of the efforts—and the partial success—of numerous writers and other artists who sought to bring their work into the mainstream of American life; to abandon the traditional Ivory Tower and assume roles in the rapidly evolving national scene. Its faults were those of any creative work which wears its Cause on its sleeve.

THERE IS something more than usually ironic in the fact that Odets, starting out as the "symbol" of revolt in the American theater should ultimately have come to the point where, more than any other writer, he was singled out as the symbol of its opposite. Too often discussions of his work have failed to give due importance to the fact that the motion picture studios of the thirties were holding out not merely what were then fabulous salary offers, but also the promise of complete artistic freedom. Needless to say, Odets was far from alone in succumbing to this wooing. Indeed, it is probably accurate to say that a large percentage, if not most, of the successful writers of the period had their abortive fling. In Odets' case, however, the fling became habitual; the promises of a return to the theater, though sporadically and generally ineffectually fulfilled, but a preliminary to another junket West.

In the plays that followed *Waiting for Lefty*—*Awake and Sing*, *Golden Boy*, *Rocket to the Moon*, *Paradise Lost*, others—Odets was, consciously or otherwise, a romantic. He possessed little subtlety. If the ending was not happy, it was at least hopeful; it contained the promise of a future in which the sordid surroundings, the defeat and lethargy of the characters, might someday be surmounted. In one form or another, the proclaimed or whispered with young Ralph in *Awake and Sing*: "My days won't be for nothing. . . .

twenty-two and kickin'! I'll get along. Did Jake die for us to fight about nickels? No! 'Awake and Sing,' he said. . . . We're glad we're living."

Even in the anti-Fascist propaganda-piece *Till the Day I Die*, there is this element of affirmation. At the moment when he is about to commit suicide in order to avoid selling-out his comrades, Ernst feels called upon to assert that "we live in the joy of a great coming people! . . . Day must follow the night."

Odets was never fully able to avoid a sort of engaging naïveté. Perhaps more than anything else, it is what accounted for his later commercial failure. But, in its way "naïveté" is the wrong term; "sentimentality" would be more accurate. There *is* such a thing as love; there *are* such things as dreams. Tomorrow *will* come. They are sentiments increasingly out of place in the modern theater. Our "sophistication" has become too great. Odets said that an American playwright "shouldn't be afraid of being a bit corny." "Corn is part of American art," and he practiced what he preached.

"WHEN I was twenty-one," Odets recalled, "I vowed I'd be famous. At twenty-eight I was—and found that fame isn't all it's cracked up to be." His comment—the theme of *Golden Boy*—was, to an extent considerably greater than his earlier revolutionary pronouncements, the most apt epitaph for one of our dominant literary attitudes. And, perhaps more than any other, it accounts for our failures.

To a considerable degree, Odets' sentiment—and his career—were almost an American prototype: the early overwhelming success and acclaim; the attempts to repeat it; the still-young relegation to the land of Whatever-Became-Of. We knew *what* had become of Odets; what we did not know was *why*. The American writer, with few exceptions, does not mature, he merely ages. His initial accomplishment is treated as *an accomplishment*. Under some all-seeing spotlight, he flails about in the fishbowl of his success. Sometimes, perhaps, it is easier to fail.

Odets, of course, knew what he had done, though not necessarily why he was doing it. In a sense, *Golden Boy* was his apologia; at least it was his search for one. As much as the Joe Bonaparte of that play, he was constantly seeking to reconcile two worlds. Where Joe, the violinist, attempts to sublimate his own sensitivities by an immersion in the promised quick success, the fame, the expensive cars and the like; where he, eventually—through accidentally—kills another man in the ring because of the necessity that he give vent to "the fury of a lifetime," Odets sought the reconciliation of his talent with the demands of Hollywood. If he did not exactly admit it—and he came reasonably close—it provides the subsurface for many a speech and many an interview. And, in 1949, there was the play *The Big Knife*, with its

idealistic and socially conscious young actor, so like the early Odets, who is destroyed by the easy fanfare, the quick buck of Hollywood.

As Harold Clurman, who knew him so well and directed several of his best plays, observed: "Perhaps what Charlie (Odets) wants most is not 'to do a job' but to be 'great'—just as everything and everyone must be 'great' in our country from our girl friends down to our symphonies, from our dramatists up to our refrigerators. If Charlie is to be taken literally, he is a pig prodded by Odets' conscience." And, it goes without saying, Odets *was* to be taken literally in nearly everything that he wrote. He was not given over to the veiled allusion, the needlessly—or even the needfully—obscure. In a career abundant with ironies, perhaps the greatest of all was the fact that, having made extensive notes on a half dozen future plays, he had, at his death, just completed the book for a musical version of *Golden Boy*.

In the thirties, Odets was writing for a theater which was far more relevant to its over-all social context than is the case today. Further, it was a theater which, for all its ventures in didacticism and overt propagandizing, was a majority, rather than minority, spokesman. Elmer Rice, in such plays as *Street Scene* and *The Adding Machine*; Sidney Kingsley in *Dead End*; Robert E. Sherwood in *Idiot's Delight*, along with much of Odets and numerous other writers, addressed themselves directly to the social and international problems of the time. To some extent, their plays assume the role almost of curiosities, museum pieces respectfully hauled out to say "that's the way it *was*." There is a strange, in some ways almost eerie feeling that hangs about discussions of the playwrights of the period. They were writing of a world unlike our own. And it all happened too quickly.

THROUGH THE scar tissue of our nostalgia, then, is the only way in which they are viewed. To a point, they were caretakers of a form. (Oddly, it is possible to forget fairly quickly that a *Waiting for Lefty*, a *Street Scene* or an *Adding Machine* was, and rightly, considered the experimental drama of the day.) Perhaps, a decade or two from now, we will find that they possessed more merit than our present myopia can envision. For the moment, though, it is a period decisively clothed in the past tense.

Since Odets was not a great writer—since, indeed, it is doubtful whether he was anything too far beyond a capable and occasionally exciting one—the eulogies proclaiming the "tragedy" of his wasted talent are more nostalgic than accurate. Like all groundbreakers, or all who achieve the reputation for having been such, his initial reputation was at least partially undeserved; also like them, his subsequent work was frequently unfairly and harshly judged against the background of

what was thought—or hoped—to be rather than what was.

Perhaps Frank's description in *Golden Boy* of what he "gets out of life" was an expression of what Odets would later believe he was missing: "The pleasure of acting as you think! The satisfaction of staying where you belong, being what you are" . . . Then again, perhaps it was not; perhaps all the periodic disavowals that he had sold out were more true than anyone realized. It may be that they reflected merely an unconscious—and accurate—evaluation of his own talent; an acknowledgement of the fact that, all our misplaced values aside, few *are* great and that, for the rest, like Ralph in *Awake and Sing*, there's "a job to do," one which is in line with their own talents and, though

we strive, can only infrequently reach beyond them. While this may not be an altogether flattering assessment of Odets the Dramatist, it may well be that it is a considerably more valid one of Odets the Man. While it is a truism that "some are born great and some achieve greatness," many others, incapable of either, are more the victim of their supporters' and detractors' aspirations than of their own defection from them. The "tragedy," if such it be, lies in the fact that one can never be *sure*. It is, of course, also the saving grace. For Clifford Odets, this tragedy was not in the fact of having missed greatness, but in the very norms and standards of the peculiar thing we insist on calling American Culture, where "good" is never good enough, where it is indeed a dirty word.

Some Campaigns Have Done Harm

Reflections on Tithing

BRUCE VAWTER

THE AGGIORNAMENTO in present-day Catholicity, it seems to me, ought to include the development of a theology of Church support. It might appear, too, that in this area American Catholic theology, which has otherwise been rather notoriously derivative, would have something of its own native genius to contribute. Certainly the sense of responsibility displayed by the American Church as a whole in facing up to the dollars-and-cents consequences of the Christian destiny to await the Lord in this material world has been virtually without parallel in Catholic history. The American theologian who approaches this subject can at least have the comfortable assurance that he is theologizing not in a vacuum but as part of a community that has first-hand acquaintance with the hard facts which theology must always take into account.

In recent years a tithing movement has been growing in various parts of the American Church. The goal, generally taken, is to bring Catholics to translate their moral obligation to the financial maintenance of religion into terms of regular contributions proportionate to their incomes. The way budgeting is to be worked out depends on the particular "plan" proposed. In some plans, but not in all, "tithing" is understood in its rigorous etymological sense.

FATHER BRUCE VAWTER, C.M., a member of the faculty at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, was formerly president of the Catholic Biblical Association of America.

In many respects, I am sure, this movement springs from an instinct that is both sound and authentically Catholic. The objective is one with which every responsible Catholic must sympathize. Certainly the moral duty which we all acknowledge must continually be spelled out in a realistic way relative to our society and to the Church as it exists in that society. The setting of standards may well be demanded by Christian justice and charity, lest an unfair share of the common burden be borne by the few, lest we delude ourselves as being quit of our duty when we are really exploiting the generosity of our neighbor. It is very true, I fear, that we have sometimes forced our pastors into the unwelcome role of beggar or barker because of the lack of a viable system of financing the Church's necessary works. It is probably true that we have forced some of them into a premature grave as well. I find it easy to agree with the tithers that God never intended His Church to depend on the outcome of a raffle or bingo game for its survival or advancement.

The duty to support religion rises from the natural law itself. There is, further, the teaching of Christ, several times repeated in the New Testament, that "those who preach the Gospel should have their living from the Gospel." Beyond preaching this doctrine, however, and insisting on its rights therein implied, not for many years has the universal Church attempted to formulate in legislation any rules or norms that would further de-

termine these obligations. As Father Joseph J. Farragher has pointed out in the March, 1963, issue of *Theological Studies*, "There is no law of the Church, either general or particular for the United States, which requires monetary support of a parish, pastor, or diocese. It is a sort of anomaly that the Baltimore Catechism lists 'support of the Church' as one of the precepts of the Church, when it is not."

THAT THERE is no ecclesiastical law does not mean, obviously, that there is no duty. Furthermore, I do not think that the lack of such a law necessarily indicates a lacuna in the Church's legislation. It was surely not by chance that the ecclesiastical laws concerning tithes (which were fairly constant throughout the Middle Ages) began to pass out of existence with the passing away of the feudal and agricultural economies. The Old Testament tithing laws on which ecclesiastical legislation had been modeled, beginning sometime in the sixth century, had grown out of an agricultural and pastoral society which no longer exists in the modern Western world. The attempt to apply such laws mechanically to a totally changed situation could be as false to their spirit as it might be economically naïve. Therefore, when the Church brought order out of the clutter of more than a thousand years of legislation in that truly remarkable document, the Code of Canon Law, it said nothing about tithes except to approve the local laws or "praiseworthy customs" of those regions in which they were still being paid (Canon 1502).

Parenthetically, we might observe that there is not now any such local law or custom in the United States. Writing in the April, 1963, number of *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, the noted canonist Father T. Lincoln Bouscaren has deplored the tendency of some of the tithing literature to offer "the very strong inference or insinuation that the practice is obligatory by law." As he explains, a law of this kind could be enacted only by a bishop, and at the present writing no American bishop has enacted one. A pastor of a parish does not possess legislative power even for his own parishioners. If he has instituted tithing in his parish, presumably with the approval of his bishop, the practice could become a legal custom in the sense of Canon 1502 only when it had continued for forty years with the consent

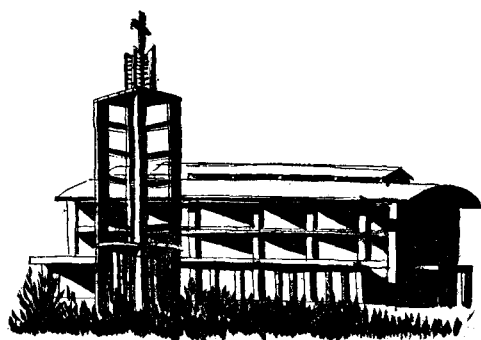
and approval of the parishioners intending to bind themselves to a strict obligation—and this on the assumption that a parish can acquire such a custom, a point that is disputed by some canonists.

The Church of the era of Vatican II, I believe, wants a theology rather than another law. Is the tithing movement in the United States heading us toward this desired theology? I am sure that at least a step has been taken in its direction whenever anything has been attempted similar to the "modified tithing plan" outlined last January in the *Central California Register* by Bishop Harry A. Clinch, Auxiliary of the Monterey-Fresno Diocese. Bishop Clinch, who wrote from his own parochial experience in opposing the strict tithe as impractical, advised pastors to take their entire parishes into their confidence in order to transfer the financial problems of the church from the pulpit to the parish's own organized lay effort. This was to be done, he indicated, not by promulgating laws, but by consulting with the wiser heads of the parish and by enlisting the aid of every possible parishioner in some defined plan that the parish itself would find realistic. He also stressed the importance of having trained counselors. This, it seems to me, responds to the idea of what parishes should be doing in twentieth-century America, where actuary statistics are far more relevant than the agricultural statistics of ancient Palestine.

Unfortunately, some of the tithing literature I have seen, far from contributing to a Christian theology of Church support, has instead undermined the whole process necessary to arrive at one. This it has done by preferring a short cut to Bishop Clinch's admittedly more difficult heuristic approach. The short cut effectively prejudices the entire question from the outset by finding a law of God which determines the financial obligation of all Catholics to be a standard and inflexible ten per cent.

Thus I have read in one pamphlet that "the law of tithing is of divine-positive law for the Old Testament and also the New Testament," and, indeed, that since this system was instituted by God, "it is sacrilegious to question its wisdom." These astonishing statements are justified by an equally astonishing exposition of Jesus' attitude to the Law of Moses which succeeds in putting Him in one of the classic rationalistic postures of the rabbi who merely wanted to bring forth a purer form of Judaism. Unless a Mosaic regulation happens to have been specifically opposed by some New Testament verse, it seems, it remains in force as Christian law. It would be interesting to examine all of contemporary Christian practice by this criterion, going through the Pentateuch verse by verse.

This pamphlet tells the Christian reader that he is required by divine law to contribute a flat ten per cent of his gross income to the Church and to charity. The pamphlet is undated, and I have no way of knowing



where it stands chronologically in relation to the other literature from the same source that has not attempted so frankly to Judaize Christianity. Since it stands in flat contradiction to St. Paul, to name only one of the authors of the New Testament, it is hard to understand how it could ever have been, as it claims, "printed with ecclesiastical approval." Designed for mass circulation, yet maintaining propositions which are denied by every modern theologian, canonist, and exegete, this is the sort of production that is generally associated with what we call disparagingly "Bible religion." Where in the Catholic tradition is there any room for the private discovery of a "divine-positive law" whose existence the teaching Church has been ignorant of for these many centuries?

IF THIS extreme position has been avoided in other tithing literature, a modified form of it does turn up in other pamphlets and bulletins. There is still much quoting of Old Testament law, in order to provide a basis for the slogans that tithing is "God's plan" and that there is a special "blessing God promises to those who tithe." While these pamphlets, apparently under advisement, admit that Christians are not bound by the Mosaic Law, there is sometimes an attempt to take back with one hand what is given with the other. "We are now God's chosen people," we are reminded. "Can we suppose that He will be satisfied with less from us?" Once again, the law of Christ seems to be considered as a kind of higher Judaism.

As is consistent with the "Bible religion" approach, incidentally, this literature has grossly oversimplified the Old Testament laws of tithes on which it lays such stress. Every Old Testament scholar that I know will confess his inability to thread his way through these laws with complete confidence. The tithing law of Deuteronomy is not the same as that of Leviticus, and that of Leviticus is not precisely the same as that of Numbers. (There is no tithing law in Exodus: the verse that is persistently quoted in many of the pamphlets and bulletins is a mistranslation, corrected in any modern version of the Bible.) Deuteronomy prescribed an annual tithe on grain, wine, and oil, which, however, was not a tax, but was to be used by the tither in a sacred meal at the sanctuary. Only every third year was this tithe to be given to the Levites and the poor. The tithes of Numbers and Leviticus were annual taxes paid to the Levites (who in turn, according to Leviticus, were to give tithes of these tithes to the priests), but while in Numbers they appear to have been tithes of crops only, in Leviticus they were tithes of both cattle and crops. The occasional references to tithes by the prophets and the historical books are not always consistent with what we read in the laws. The regulations concerning firstlings and first fruits were something else again: these were not tithes. One parish bulletin I have

seen uses the law of first fruits to explain to the wage earner that he must tithe his total earnings rather than his take-home pay.

The reason for the confusion is, of course, that there was a development in the idea of tithes, and not all of these laws were operative at the same time. Every biblical scholar knows this, but there is no agreement as to how the development is to be traced. Only in later Jewish times were all the regulations combined into a single system; in the time of Christ, the Scribes (who also enlarged the biblical provisions somewhat) spoke of the *three* tithes, which were to be paid at various times by various persons.

In any case, I am sure that all of this is quite alien to the concerns of twentieth-century Church support. I do not intend in any way to impugn the motives of those who are urging the strict tithe today, nor, indeed, necessarily to question the applicability of the system to a society of wage earners, professional and business people. Tithing in the strict sense may prove to be, for all I know, truly "God's own plan" to solve our problem. But if it does, it must be on the basis of evidence that is not demonstrably false or irrelevant. Despite the good intentions with which they have labored, I fear that some of the proponents of tithing have done harm to Christian doctrine.

Another criticism I have of this literature is that it has succeeded at times in suggesting that the only active role of the layman in the Church is as a financial contributor. This it has done, paradoxically, through what Father Bouscaren notes as its tendency to connect tithing "closely (and it seems inseparably) with the Offertory of the Mass." The authors try to make it quite clear that no tithe is acceptable to God that is not part of the offering of one's self. From this standpoint, they are to be applauded for their effort to show the relation of the Sunday collection to the Mass (even though it is obviously not a rubrical part of the Mass). But the examples chosen to illustrate this sacrifice of self ("my prayers . . . my gratitude . . . my crosses and joys . . .") do not invariably point to the layman's role as a member of the Church, to which his life and works, and not simply the fruit of his toil, must be dedicated. On the other hand, his duty "to help extend God's kingdom on earth" appears only as one of the reasons "why I need to be generous and return to God at least a tithe."

In this connection, I do not think that it is very realistic, nor, for that matter, very Christian, to display a pie graph on which a black ninety per cent is labeled "for me," and a white ten per cent "for God." Not when "for me" seems to include everything that is not a direct contribution to Church or charities. Once again it seems that some perspective is lacking. There are, after all, other expenses incidental to a family than "the washing machine, the T.V. set, or the car." But even these can

and should be the sacramentals of Christian family life. Marriage and parenthood is as much a vocation in God's Church as the priesthood and can demand quite as much selfless dedication. Marriage is for the education as well as the procreation of children, and there is very much more to education than school tuition. The layman's vocation, whether in rearing a Christian family or in his profession or other calling, is and must be his principal contribution to the extension of God's kingdom on earth. This does not, of course, exclude God's claim on his (or the priest's) material goods, but it should be the theological context in which this claim is considered.

Much thought and prayer are being dedicated to the tithing movement of the present day, and I am far from suggesting that the movement as such is characterized by the distortions I have pointed out. Perhaps one of the best things that could happen for its success in arriving at a theology of Church support is for it to discard the term "tithing." The word has been chosen, of course, because of its religious associations of the past. But a heavy price has been paid in the confusions occasioned by these associations. Whatever the Christian's duty is, reduced to numbers and figures, it must be found in his evaluation of the world and his place in the Church under the law of Christ, and not in the dead letter of a superseded law code.

Lavanttai

(On the Way to Early Mass)

Through the night
Fog sleds on mountain slopes
Silently into the Tal.
Cold grey she fingers thawed earth,
Laces snowy Afghans there,
Fits twigs with furry sleeves,
And frightened by the sun
Slips away.

Earth is chill,
Stiff from her touch.
Trees clothed in white now,
Nor gaunt against the sky,
But scarce seen
Before the distant snowclad giant,
Stretch cold arms to comforting sun.

Chimney clusters smolder warm.
At windows, doors,
Along the paths,
Life glances up,
Wakes again to sudden loveliness—
A Father's tender thoughtfulness.

DANIEL C. O'CONNELL, S.J.

THE SCREEN

The Old Order Changeth

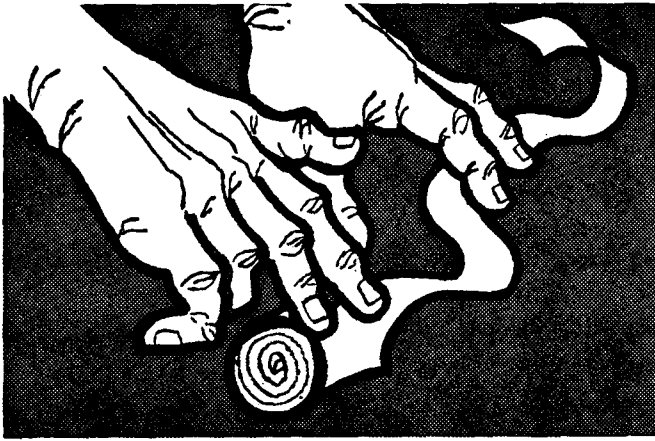
HOWEVER one may feel about the Italian movie "The Leopard" (particularly about its slow pace, its absence of dates and place names, its English-dubbed sound track, and its occasional variance from the novel by Giuseppe di Lampedusa) one has to admit that this is one of the most visually beautiful films ever made. In rich DeLuxe Color on the wide CinemaScope screen, scene after scene displays the lovely, startling Sicilian landscapes and fussy, baroque villas and palaces. Producer Goffredo Lombardo spared no expense in the costumes and sets to give authenticity to the nineteenth-century story. And director Luchino Visconti uses his good cast and all this opulence effectively to form a series of tableaux that might be the envy of many an old master.

It is difficult to say for whom "The Leopard" was designed. Some audiences, awed by its beauty, may wonder if the film is an art show or a movie. Youthful audiences may well be attracted to the script's secondary story, a romance between two very handsome young people: the Prince's dashing, opportunistic nephew (Alain Delon), who becomes an officer after fighting with Garibaldi against the Bourbons, and the *nouveau riche* mayor's daughter (Claudia Cardinale) who has vitality and frank charm as well as her father's money to offer the fading aristocrats. Director Visconti, however, who wrote the script with three other writers, never allows this romance to detract from the main theme—the passing of the old order.

If "The Leopard" is aimed at any group it is the thoughtful, mature moviegoers who can accept its rambling, leisurely pace and poetic atmosphere that emphasize characterization and feel of place and period rather than the usual cinematic action. Its principal character is Prince Don Fabrizio Salina, a proud aristocrat who is startled by the Garibaldi invasion, by the plebiscite, by the unification of Italy and the changes that follow during the 1860s, and by his nephew's saying, "If you want things to stay as they are, things will have to change." Wisely perhaps, but somewhat reluctantly and bitterly, Don Fabrizio accepts the new order with grace. He is no perfect prince, but he knows his faults and those of the Sicilians—their violence, sensuality, inertia, stubborn pride. He refuses a position in the new government.

Under Visconti's direction, Burt Lancaster is excellent in this lead role, displaying a sensitivity and strength he has never shown before. And the large supporting cast is fine. If only the film had used subtitles instead of dubbing, had used a few maps and dates and some explanation of the Risorgimento for

SEPTEMBER 20, 1963 563



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those not well-informed on the confusion of 1860 Italy, and if the version shown in this country had not been edited so abruptly to its two-hour-and-forty-minute running time, perhaps then Americans could warm up to "The Leopard" as Italians have. But even as it stands, the picture is a gem not to be missed by anyone who takes his movie-going seriously. As a period piece and a sweet-sad excursion into nostalgia, it is superb. The forty-minute grand ball scene in a sumptuous palace has never been equaled for its mixture of elegance, ennui, irony, sentiment, and whirling waltzes.

USING SIMILAR themes but carrying them even farther in esoteric melancholy is Satyajit Ray's latest film, "The Music Room." Set in the run-down palace of a once-wealthy landowner on a large Indian estate, "The Music Room" tells the story of Biswambhar Roy, an aristocrat who makes no compromise with the rising lower classes in the 1920s and definitely, but always with impeccable manners, looks down his nose at his crass, newly rich neighbor. Unlike the princely Leopard, he refuses to face reality and accept the new order—except on his old-school terms of *noblesse oblige*.

Much of the film is told in a long flashback that emphasizes Biswambhar's extravagance and obsession for musical and dancing soirees all held in the lovely music room that is dominated by an exquisite chandelier. The aristocrat's wife tries in vain to curb her husband's spending and his unreasonable devotion to their little son who is being spoiled by an indulgent father. When tragedy strikes Biswambhar, and his wife and son are drowned, he is shattered. He retires to a few rooms of the mansion, ignores the changing world around him, and sinks deeper into debt. He is awakened from his lethargy when his coarse, wealthy neighbor invites him to a musicale, and Biswambhar decides to hold a recital on that same night. He has the music room cleaned and he shoots the works in entertaining his guests—and in spending the last of his money.

I cannot predict how American audiences will take to "The Music Room." Ray has directed it exceedingly well, but it is even more slowly paced than "The Leopard." And while the theme of change and adapting to new conditions is dominant in all the Ray films shown here ("Devi," "Two Daughters," the "Apu" trilogy), and audiences can always follow the universality of this subject, "The Music Room" is likely to leave them cold and aloof from the problems of its stubborn central character. Furthermore, the music and dancing at the soirees are indeed of a fine, delicate quality, but they require a trained ear and appreciation. For patient, understanding audiences, however, "The Music Room" offers a rewarding insight into another world and another time.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

"Communiques From the Writer's Battlefield of Life"

First Person Singular. Edited and with an introduction by Herbert Gold. Dial. \$5.

by Nat Hentoff

BEFORE APPRAISING these "essays for the sixties," I must note that this collection is a particularly lazy species of non-book. We have become too easily accustomed to books made up of stray magazine pieces, linked together by little more than the anthologist's yen for the publisher's advance payment. But out of the eighteen articles included in *First Person Singular*, no less than eleven are reprinted from books which have been published within the past two years. In most cases, moreover, those books themselves were catafalques of magazine articles.

Herbert Gold, the editor, has even had the *chutzpah* (Yiddish for run-away gall) to include as his own contribution an essay from his 1962 book, *The Age of Happy Problems*. The possibility of commissioning new articles or at least searching for valuable essays in out-of-the-way magazines apparently entails more energy than the editor was willing to expend and more money than the publisher had budgeted for this scotch-tape project.

As for the book itself, its intent, according to Mr. Gold's notably graceless introduction, is to allow the novelist "to take pen in hand and heart in mouth in order to issue a direct communiqué from the battlefield of his life, without the intermediaries of invented character and story." The question—long since answered—is whether the novelist, who presumably "treasures his experience and husbands his memories" more singularly than the non-fiction writer, has anything uniquely useful to say when he isn't writing fiction. Obviously, some do and some don't.

Paul Goodman, who is a ringer in that he is justifiably more recognized as a social critic than as a creator of fiction, eclipses his colleagues here in the originality and clarity of his

thought. His "The Devolution of Democracy" from *Drawing The Line* (Random House, 1962) dissects the "slippery idealism" of the Kennedy administration by means of specific root criteria which those "pragmatic liberals" still fail. Goodman's standards, moreover, continue to pose acute questions for those "reform" intellectuals who work in terms of political power as it is presently structured.

A somewhat unexpected achievement is Arthur Miller's *The Bored And The Violent*, an examination of juvenile delinquency which cuts all the way down to its foundation in the society as a whole ("People no longer seem to know why they are alive; existence is simply a string of near-experiences marked off by periods of stupefying spiritual and psychological stasis, and the good life is basically an amused one.") If the absence of sentimentality and the radical temper of Miller's approach in this essay can be transmuted into his plays, Miller may yet become the serious (rather than ponderous) playwright he aspires to be.

Also both basic and provocative are James Baldwin's familiar evocations of the Negro microcosm (from *Nobody Knows My Name*); Seymour Krim's autobiographical guide to *The Insanity Bit* ("insanity today is a matter of definition, not fact"); and Mr. Gold's *Death in Miami Beach*. In that mordant inner travelogue, he displays a cauterizing skill at observation and a resilient prose style which somehow elude him in his labored fiction.

Among the rest of the battle communiqués are acts of professionally smooth but surface journalism (Gore Vidal's interview with Barry Goldwater and Harvey Swados on the morphology of airline pilots). The two pieces which most damage Gold's thesis that the novelist is chronically qualified to distill his observations into especially meaningful insights into "real life" are by Saul Bellow and Mary McCarthy.

Bellow's is a psychoanalysis of Khrushchev ("Instead of having been punished for his crimes he has become a great leader, which persuades him that life is inherently dramatic"). And Mary McCarthy attempts to prove that Americans at bottom are ascetics rather than materialists. ("We are a nation of twenty million bathrooms, with a humanist in every tub".)

In her playing at profundity, Miss McCarthy does penetrate fitfully into the dissociation which "takes the place of conflict" in much of American life; and she is close to the marrow of our persistent though vague discontent when she notes that "passivity and not aggressiveness is the dominant trait of the American character." Too many of her brisk generalizations, however, are semi-sophisticated but essentially provincial solipsisms. ("The only really materialistic people I have ever met have been Europeans." "Life for the European is a career; for the American, it is a hazard.")

I suspect that Mr. Gold was not irresistibly driven to prove that some contemporary fiction writers are considerably less cozened by the appearances of reality than are various specialists in facts and socio-political trends. To use Gold's own struggling metaphor, the fiction writer who "considers the world as the worm wriggles—with his own body" has much to teach. In this book, Herbert Blau, for instance, in *The Public Art of Crisis in the Suburbs of Hell*, recalls Eichmann having been asked by the prosecutor, Hausner, whether he was guilty. "Eichmann, with wondrous control it seemed, started to distinguish between moral and legal guilt, whereupon Hausner raised a finger at him and thundered: 'Answer yes or no!' I don't know to what perverse instinct I may be testifying, but at that moment loyalties were annihilated for me, and I was with Eichmann."

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our fiction writers to force us as well into recognizing the vulnerability of each "first person singular." But the majority of Mr. Gold's choices, at least in their work in this volume, become fragmented when confronted with "real life." Mr. Gold observes correctly that "the form of the personal essay demands risks and commitments." There are not enough of either in this book, nor certainly in its conception by the editor.

City Sickness

The Messenger. By Charles Wright.
Farrar, Straus. \$3.95.

by Thomas Curley

I DON'T KNOW why Mr. Wright describes *The Messenger* as "a work of fiction" instead of a novel, but I'll try to make a guess. First of all, however, let me say that despite what some of the advertising and a superficial reading of this book might lead one to think, *The Messenger* is not just another of those snarly self-pitying essays called novels that get a lot of mileage by thumbing noses at the censors and spewing contempt on the American middle class. A serious, difficult book like *Naked Lunch* comes along and right away the bright young men decide to make a buck or two by writing, not "He kissed her on the tip of her nose," which is old hat, but "He kissed him on the tip of his nose" which is daring, ruthlessly honest and all that.

The Messenger has a generous dose of self-pity but the whole is not corroded. First of all it is short, with all of its faults out in the open. When the writing is forced, it is just that. One reads the paragraph and goes on, not minding too much: "The Empire State building looms a giant obelisk; the rest is a misty El Greco painting. In the mist the low buildings are angular, surrealistic."

Had Mr. Wright confined his scenes to New York, the reader might just as profitably have gone to the movies; but he had the sure sense to let his imagination move, and as a result we have two excel-

lent characterizations, those of Ruby Stonewall, the narrator's cousin, and his grandmother. These two women do not merely give substance to a book that is otherwise rather weightless; they also serve to define a place, a small Missouri town which, although the scenes there are few, contrasts well with the banal images of New York.

Towards the end of the book Charles decides to go home because he is worried about his grandmother. He is with her in her last days.

Charles writes: "I read a lot that winter, going to the library three times a week. I tried to avoid the kids I had grown up with. They all worked eight-to-five shifts and were carving out their future in this small-town Negro world. And in this quiet world for the first time in years, I relaxed; I drank very little and did not feel the need for sex. Gone was the fevered air of New York, gone the hipped-up, Freudian complications. These small-town folk had problems like people anywhere, but they faced them by looking them square in the eye, accepting them as they accepted changes in the weather."

Immediately after his grandmother's death, Charles writes: "Memory withdraws. There is now only this cluttered, yellowing room on West Forty-Ninth Street, in the heart of Manhattan."

I take my hat off to Wright for that perception, for he has seen to it that the reader's memory does not withdraw and even though at the end of the chapter he speaks of the people he has met "taking the long road through hell," the world he created so briefly in that small Missouri town is not a hell, whereas his New York chapters are a pretty reasonable facsimile of one. And why? Because his New York people are nowhere; they do not make it, they lack substance because they lack all intercourse with temporal reality. In short, nothing happens in New York, while in a few pages, in Missouri, the narrator's grandmother dies and leaves her mark upon our memories. Anything is bearable, Isak Dinesen has said, if you put it in a story; if you don't put it in

a story, it becomes unbearable and obsessive, because it is not in time. My guess is that Mr. Wright avoided the term "novel" and chose "work of fiction" instead because he wished to ignore the conventional, novelistic development of a story; this is all well and good, but he very nearly missed any development at all, and I'm glad to report that he didn't quite make it.

Faith and Learning

Philosophy of Education. By Leo R. Ward. Regnery. \$6.

by Gerald J. Sullivan

THE AUTHOR describes his outlook as a "Christian democratic humanistic philosophy of education," although it is fair to say, I think, that it is a philosophy which does not require, however much it may tend to seek, a democratic political structure in society. The reader who wants the clear-cut implications of such a philosophy for education in America today may be disappointed. Understanding, and not prescription, is the avowed concern of this book.

Father Ward takes great pains to make clear his own presuppositions, thus distinguishing his from many a similar study where the author's assumptions and prejudices are buried far beyond his own ken. The central chapters are devoted to a portrayal of man as an end-seeking, self-transcendent creature in a theocentric universe. Here the authorities are Aristotle, Aquinas, and Maritain; and a later chapter lays bare the basic divergence from this view of the philosophy developed by Dewey and others under the name of "naturalism." There emerges from these and other chapters this consistent definition of education (whether seen as process, condition, or end): man becoming man.

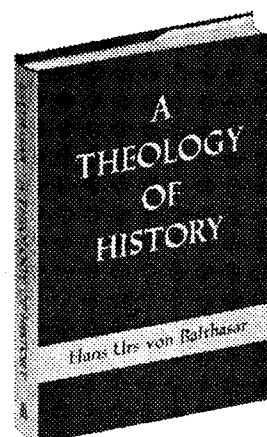
This is a definition sufficiently broad to gain the assent of many who may, as Maritain says, "revere for perhaps quite diverse reasons, truth and intelligence, human dignity, freedom, brotherly love, and the absolute value of moral good." The test inevitably becomes one of par-

ticulars: What are the problems facing education; How are they met under such a philosophy? Here of course assent is less easily won. I feel that Father Ward denies his noble philosophy the persuasiveness it deserves, first, by a certain inconsistency when he approaches the practical and the real and, secondly, by passing over too lightly the great failures of education in the modern world.

For instance, in a chapter based on the writings of Dietrich von Hildebrand and celebrating a spirit of reverence toward man and nature and, again, in a chapter urging a conscious effort to promote understanding among all men, there is but the barest allusion to the segregation of the Negro in America. Surely this is, at least in Father Ward's terms, an educational problem. By contrast, the arguments for state support of private schools and those surrounding the surely dead issue of the right of free choice in education are rehearsed in some detail.

Again, while relying on his authorities, the author sees education as in essence a matter of *self*-education; but elsewhere we find a false derivation of the word "education" from the Latin *educere* ("to lead out") and the implication that the teacher is engaged in drawing something out of the student. And there is the dangerous suggestion, as old as Plato, that the teacher's art is one "of moulding a material external to himself and shaping it into beautiful human forms." There runs through the book an implied lack of faith in the capacity and quality of the average student, who even at the college level is considered intellectually a child and unfit for the traditional liberal education. Such a view prompts, on the one hand, a one-word solution to the educational problem, namely, "work," and leads, on the other hand, to the suggestion that all education be vocational, albeit permeated with liberal values. Neither proposition does justice to Aristotle's dictum, quoted with approval, that man naturally desires to know or to the author's own appraisal of what liberal education is.

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A curious characteristic of the book is an apparently deliberate use of barbarisms, slang, neologisms, and undistinguished language in general. Whatever the author's intent, the reader tends to be put off. He is enticed rather to follow after the eloquent and graceful masters whose authority Father Ward so generously acknowledges by frequent and extensive quotation.

A Heavy Price

The Names and Faces of Heroes. By Reynolds Price. Atheneum. \$3.95.

by Michele Murray

IT WAS ONE of those steamy-warm June nights when it seems the South is going to sink under the weight of its prose, and I had just finished this new little book of stories by Reynolds Price, author of *A Long and Happy Life*, when I saw my Aunt Mattie floating slowly down the street under a big black umbrella with a passel of books she was returning. She's a great reader, my Aunt Mattie is, at eighty-four, too, with all her natural-born teeth in her head and fine blue eyes, still as good as when she was a girl back home before she was jilted by Mr. Jimson Frazer, kin to the Lamont Frazers, who sold their house for a gas station and moved up North, so then she had to marry Mr. Gibson Jones, who was, frankly, not much; and disappointment, plus being away from her folks, turned her mind to reading—poor thing, not much else she could do.

Well, right away she plunked herself down and noticed the book and her eyes lit up a little bit and she said kind of quiet, "A new book, I see." And I said, "Yes'm," because, even though she is really not my aunt, being the great-aunt of my stepmother's cousin Sally Jo from Memphis, she is a stretch older than I am, so I said, "Yes'm," and she smiled when she saw Mr. Price came from North Carolina and began to speak about the no-good Frazers; then, to cheer herself up, about the fine old Nigras they had working for them in the old days, gone forever and not to come again.

The moon rose and we sighed. "I do hope, cousin," she said, "this book isn't like Mr. Faulkner's I have been reading and not liking. I hesitate to speak against a gentleman of good family like Mr. Faulkner, but you know, honey, back home is *not* the way he says—my land!"

"No fear," I told her. "This is a sweet and gentle book, full of kindly Nigras who worked long and patiently for good white folks, and innocent little boys who loved their daddies. . . ."

"Good thing, too," she interrupted. "Why, from reading Mr. Faulkner, you'd never guess how many real nice folks we have got in our part of the country."

"All Mr. Price's folks *are* real nice and kind of simple, too."

"Real Southern people's always simple," she said approvingly, fanning herself with an old fan from Mr. Percy Slivingo's funeral parlor back home, which she has had a good twenty years now, ever since she went home to Cousin Tilda Sue's funeral and came back with it to remind us of Mr. Slivingo and poor Cousin Tilda Sue.

We sat awhile, waiting for a breeze to come along. "Good stories?", she finally asked, having already tucked the book deep into the fancywork bag she won at the South Carolina State Fair of 1923.

"Lots of people think right highly of Mr. Price's writing. Praise it to the skies. No end of praise."

"Pshaw to that," she said bridleing, "what other folks say. I remember when back home everyone was testifying that Miss Junie Belle was the prettiest little thing from here to the Delta; why the way they went on about her—and she was only an ordinary quiet little girl—my land, you'd wonder where were the eyes in those folks' heads. And all that praise did not make her more the beauty. What do *you* think?"

"If you like stories about kindly simple people, they're good. Full of love and delight and pleasure in just living and breathing and being together, a kind of easy looking for meaning, like digging for fishing worms in July."

They were, in fact, like Aunt Mattie herself, chatty and wholesome,

not leaving you with deep thoughts or memories or anything but a recollection of a few hours of enjoyment, and it's a good feeling to have now and again.

Aunt Mattie chuckled. "Just what I have been looking for. What with all that's going on back home with those Nigras and all, I fancy spending a few hours with a peaceful book, after spraying the moths from around the lamp with some Flit, and thinking about all the love and kindness we knew—barring Mr. Jimson Frazer, of course—and . . . say, cousin, Mr. Price any kin to those Prices down by the river, raised such a flock of lively children?"

I said no, I didn't think so, and that she would enjoy the book capitally, especially as the first story in it was about Rosacoke Mustian, the heroine of Mr. Price's novel, and the other six stories were full of kindly people, and the title story, with a boy and his father in a car, was almost like Mr. Updike with a Southern accent, but very much nicer, because Mr. Price really *liked* the people he was writing about, and it

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was a blessed change, wasn't it, if nothing else?

"Much obliged, cousin," she said, assembling herself before sailing back down the street under the full moon and the cool air. "It's a relief, let me tell you."

And she didn't mean the weather neither, not with that book clutched tight in her bag.

Little Inferno

The War of Camp Omongo. By Burt Blechman. Random House. \$3.95.

by William James Smith

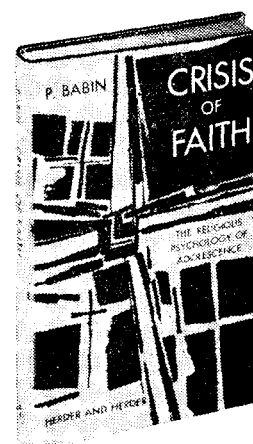
THIS NOVEL is *End as a Man* with the setting moved from a Southern military school to a Jewish boys' camp in the Adirondacks, Southern Gothic transmogrified to Borscht Circuit. It is what I think of—correctly or not is another matter—as Jewish Humor—cynical, self-denigratory, tough, and with a core of very soft sentimentality, a cross between taxi-cab driver *chutzpah* and social worker Freudianism. It is very good in its vein, too, strung throughout with little firecrackers of wit and malice and grace notes of appalled social observation.

Randy Levine gets a scholarship to a summer camp. He doesn't think much of the idea but his mother is sure he'll make some very nice connections there and persuades him to go with only a minimum pressure of motherly tears of grief and dismay. Randy's father has finagled the "scholarship" by acting as a union informer for the boss of the sweatshop where he works.

The summer proves that Randy's instincts were sound. Camp Omongo is a cesspool of complicated intrigues, teen-age crudities, management hypocrisies, fascistic indoctrination, philistine insensitivities, petty cruelties, and the worst form of snobbery. The boys who might conceivably have risen above the general level of awfulness are pulled down, literally, to grovel abjectly with the others.

The little inferno of the children's world proves to be just a microcosm of the adult world when the parents come to visit. Mr. Oronsky connives

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"NOVELIST GRAHAM GREENE reports that what he finds 'most charming about Cuba is the poetic direction which the revolution maintains.' If this is *The Heart of the Matter*, it's the *End of the Affair*. The Complaisant Lover, having embarked on a *Journey Without Maps*, has lost *The Power and the Glory*. 'England Made Me,' he may still claim. But he is a *Burnt-Out Case*. *The Man Within* is merely *Babbling*."

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to take over the failing camp and make it a paying proposition by installing a lot of "extras" that the parents could be intimidated into paying for. Mr. Oronsky sees things with a hard, clear eye: "Listen, I saw a colored movie about this artist nut who cut off his ear. Why do you think he did it, because he was feeling sorry for himself? Sure, that's what my wife thought. Let me tell you, pal, you got to read between the lines. He cut off his ear because he wanted publicity. Because his pictures weren't selling so good. You know what I mean?"

Norman Greenberg's mother goes to bed with the first camp counselor who catches her eye. Mrs. Levine is friendly to Mrs. Halpern, calculating the possibilities of getting a discount on shoes. Mrs. Halpern, in a rare burst of honesty, confesses her star sapphire is a fake: "Real, not real. nowadays what's the difference?" During the wrestling matches the parents, carried away, forget possible discounts and scream at their young to break one another's necks.

It's all pretty terrifying and, as a tribute to Mr. Blechman's talent, very funny, too. This is partly a result of his style, which is staccato, and his pace, which is breakneck. Mr. Blechman moves so fast, as a matter of fact, that it is sometimes hard to keep up with him. A fragment, at least, of the plot escaped me completely and no looking back seems to uncover it. But that is a small matter. There is a more serious disadvantage. The kaleidoscopic technique give us no more than glimpses of Mr. Blechman's numerous characters, often vivid to be sure but a little confusing—and this is not the sort of book you feel that you should have to work at. Still, Mr. Blechman has the air of a man who knows what he is doing and his wry jumble of ginger and wormwood has a distinctive tang that doesn't call for apologies or explanations.

A local synagogue, I understand, recently had a young people's evening to debate the topic, Resolved: that Philip Roth is anti-Semitic. I don't know how that somewhat preposterous fracas may have turned out, but I wouldn't be surprised if Burt Blechman rated an evening of

his own soon. Mom has been getting it hot and heavy all over the lot lately and the big fat lovable ("With soap it's loaded") Molly Goldberg Mommas get a going-over in this novel that put them right in the class with Arthur Kopit's and Edward Albee's spider-mothers. The Poppas come off a shade worse. They are not innocent victims but actively malignant, and their children give promise of putting them in the shade. Eagle, the last of the Omongo Indians after whom the camp was named, rejoices with war whoops when the place goes up in flames. Randy, the best of the lot, triumphs in the miniature jungle only at the expense of knowing he has entered a nightmare from which he will never awaken.

Oh, it's not all that grim! Blechman has been compared to Nathaniel West but the comparison is not fair. West's world is truly a nightmare world. Blechman's—and Randy's—is not.

It's pretty dreadful but has its redeeming features and its redeeming people. Randy will probably come through all right. And I expect Mr. Blechman already has. I'm all for him. As the Great Man said, anyone who hates children that much can't be all bad.

REVIEWERS

Nat Hentoff has written for the *New Yorker*, *Harper's* and other journals.

Thomas Curley is the author of the recent novel, *Past Eve and Adam's*, and a regular reviewer of fiction.

Gerald J. Sullivan is a faculty member at St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H.

Michele Murray reviews for *Jubilee*, the *Catholic Reporter* and other publications.

William James Smith, a free-lance writer and critic, is a regular contributor.

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